As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinke.
Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I doe possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot. *Enter Green.*
Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and well met Gentle-men;
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.
Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his designes crave haste, good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
And driven into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land,
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At *Rauenspurg.*
Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.
Gree. O Maddam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The L. Northumberland, his young sonne, *Henry Percy,*
The Lords of Rosse, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby.*
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traytors?
Gree. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship, (brook
And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullen.*
Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.
Bush. Despaire not Madam.
Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will

I will despaire, and be at en
With couzening hope; he i
A Parasite, a keeper backe of
Who gently would dissolve
Which false hopes linger in e
Enter Yo
Gree. Here comes the Duk
Qu. With lignes of warre
Oh full of carefull businesse a
Vncle, for heavens sake speake
Yor. Comfort's in Heaven, a
Where nothing lives but crosse
Your husband he is gone to s
Whilst others come to make
Here am I left to underprop h
Who weake with age, cannot
Now comes his sicke houre tha
Now shall he try his friends th
Enter a Ser
Ser. My Lord, your sonne w
Yor. He was: why so, goe
The Nobles they are fled, the
And will I feare revolt on *Her*
Sirra, get thee to Plashy to my
Bid her send me presently a tho
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day
But I shall grieve you to report
Yor. What is't knave?
Ser. An houre before I came,
Yo. Heaven for his mercy, w
Come rushing on this wofull
I know not what to doe: I wo
(So my vntruth hath not prov
The King had cut off my head
What, are there postes dispatch
How shall we doe for money f

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